

The Times-Dispatch

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MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1910.

NOT A DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

If the voters of Washington Ward, who do not pretend to be Democrats, care to put a ticket in the field for the election to the City Council tomorrow, they can certainly do so and can see their ticket snowed under as a reward for their pains. There can be no objection to the nomination of such a ticket, and the City Democratic Committee, which always loves a good fight, will be the last to complain. Yet the men who have no Democratic affiliations are the only men who have any right to run for the Council on a separate ticket, and their supporters are the only men who have any right to put such a ticket before the voters of the ward.

These are political axioms which would not deserve mention at this time but for the appearance of "bogus" independent Democratic tickets in Washington Ward last Saturday. Owing to the delay in consolidation, it was impossible to nominate a regular Democratic ticket for Washington Ward when the last municipal primary was held. Consequently, the members of the Democratic City Committee from Washington Ward nominated a ticket, which was approved by the full committee. No man who had any part in choosing the nominees is among those to be voted on tomorrow, and their nominees are, in every sense, the bona fide Democratic ticket. It is to be regretted that the full Democratic electorate of the ward could not have nominated this ticket, but as this was impossible, the next best thing was done in the next best way.

It now develops that some shrewd spirits, whose political affiliations can easily be guessed, have nominated a ticket in the ward, which they claim to be Democratic, but which includes only a part of the men regularly nominated by the ward delegation in the committee, and a number of others. To make confusion worse confounded, the same men, or their friends have put a third ticket in the field, likewise claimed to be Democratic. As the cards of the three tickets are printed in precisely the same form, some voters may not know the regular nominees when they go to the polls tomorrow, since the names of all will be on the ballot.

Of course, an enemy of the party has done this, and has done it well, but he will reap his own fate, if the voters of the ward will remember one thing: the ticket nominated by the delegation from Washington Ward in the Democratic Committee is the only Democratic ticket in the ward, and is the only ticket for which a Democrat can vote. The other tickets are no more Democratic than if they were marked on the ballot as Republican.

A number of the men nominated on these two spurious tickets have heretofore been identified with the Democratic party, and are generally reckoned as Democrats. If these men have consented to their nomination in this way they should come before the people and frankly state that they are no longer Democrats and can no longer claim the vote of the party. If their without their knowledge or consent, names have been put on the tickets they should announce that fact publicly. They must show their colors, either as friends who have been duped or as enemies who have deceived.

THE DEBTS OF KING.

The court poets of England, who have little enough to do while their royal master is in mourning, are wondering how the King's finances will fare at the hands of Parliament. Their speculations are as different as the men, but there is a general conviction that King George will not find the Liberal ministry true to its name. Some are even saying that if the King is allowed the civil list granted his father, \$2,500,000 the year, he will be lucky. Rumor has it that the King will need all the money his friends in Parliament can prevail upon the Majority to grant, for the King has a sad legacy of debt to carry, and will have to struggle hard if he makes even meet. The situation is doubly distressing for the King and the King's friends, since George did not contract the debts he must pay. As all the world knows, King Edward was a spender in his time, and came to the throne with debts of some \$50,000,000 hanging over him. He inherited \$20,000,000 from his frugal mother, but even with this he was forced to make a compromise with his creditors, and gave the official money-lender, Sir Ernest Cassel, notes running over twenty-five years. More than half of this, or about \$17,000,000, is still due and must be paid by King George. He will have a hard fight to pay this debt and to maintain the magnificent court which his consort will require.

Practically every King in Europe is struggling under a similar burden of debt, and almost every monarch in Europe, no matter what his income may be, has to pay his secret visits to money-lenders in his capital. It is hard on the Kings and it is hard on the people who have to pay taxes to

meet the debts, but then, the remedy is in the hands of the people, and if they do not apply it, they have to pay the piper.

THE BANKERS AT OLD POINT.

The Virginia Bankers had a great time at Old Point Comfort for several days last week. They are a handsome set, talked in a very entertaining and instructive way about the condition of their business, advanced no new or startling theories of finance, listened with intelligence to the very able men Secretary Gatliff had pressed into service for their instruction and went back to their respective homes with a great many new ideas in their heads and with many old ideas worked over so that they appeared just as good as new. The one thing that came out of all the discussions in which the plain people will be most interested is that banking in Virginia is on very safe ground, the State is prosperous, the deposits are increasing every year and year by year, credit is sound, the outlook is promising. The "proceedings" of the convention will be printed in permanent form.

The banquet at the Chamberlin Friday night was, of course, the most attractive feature of the occasion, and if the bankers do not know hereafter what punctuation is and what the interrogation point stands for and likewise how the jokes in Joe Miller's Almanac can be made, in the mouth of a ready speaker, to point a moral or adorn a tale, and moreover the practical advantages of a study of poetry, it is their fault. The titillation of the bells, bells, bells, the sombre thought of the elegy in the country churchyard, the homely pathos of James Whitcomb Riley, the rough melody of Frank Stanton, the deep philosophy of Shakespeare, the sweet music of the Lee girl, the weather predictions of Kipling, the value of character, the pity of selfishness, the solemn responsibility of the individual, the uses and abuses of punctuation, the inherent strength of the interrogation point; all rattled off at the rate of three hundred words the minute for more than thirty minutes must have caught some of them at some point in their machinery of reflection, and hereafter we shall expect them to know exactly where to place the points when they are disposing of their mothers-in-law and to be a bit more careful in asking questions when there is any business to be done.

Two of the speakers at the banquet developed a literary purpose—Mr. Bruton, of Wilson, North Carolina, outlining in a very clever way his thought of how a book is to be written under the title "Dixie South," and Judge Job Hedges, of New York, coming back with the threat that he would also write a book under the name "Yankee North." It is hoped that they will both find publishers; we are sure that they will both write something worth reading. They both made speeches worth hearing.

The man who carried the heaviest load at the convention was Gatliff, the Secretary. He is a native of North Carolina, now living at Lynchburg, temporarily, but he has visited Richmond a great many times, looks like an edition de luxe of George Harvey, and might readily be mistaken for a South Carolinian. He was everywhere at Old Point all the time. He ran the convention, conducted the excursion to Hampton and Newport News, managed the dress parade, designed the souvenirs, drew the pictures for the menu cards, and provided the best dinner most of the men and women present ever had in their lives. There is no other way out of it, and we must say that there is something in a name after all. The most charming feature of the dinner was, of course, the beautiful women who were present. It looked almost like Commencement Day at Due West, and they stayed there until it was all over and the lights were all "outed," as they say in Texas. We could describe the gowns; but we shall not, because so much time was taken up in looking at their sweet faces that it would be a shame to talk about lace and silks and diamonds, at a time like this.

A GOOD TIME IN JAIL.

Frank Mathusek, alias "Milwaukee Dutch," is an undesirable citizen whom the Missouri State authorities recently congratulated themselves upon landing in the Jefferson City prison for a long term. Frank has "done jobs" in many lands, and has seen the inside of prisons from Berlin to Walla Walla. He makes no bones of his past, and before bidding farewell to his "pals," as he went to meet his "Jefferson City engagement," as he called his last sentence, he gave some very interesting details of prison life in this country and abroad, expressing the opinion that the man who wanted to have a good time in jail had better stay in America, or, at least, had better not go abroad.

The German prisons, according to Frank, are about the worst on the face of the earth. In Berlin he "ceased a guy" of \$4,000, and was given five years in prison. During three years of this time he was forced to wear a black mask, and during his whole prison term his regular diet consisted of nothing but soup. He was given but four pounds of meat in five years, and when he dared ask for bread, he was confined in a dungeon.

In London, conditions were somewhat better. He had a cell to himself, though he found a number of companions, in fact, a multitude of companions, lodged in his bed, and he was fed on bread and bread during the entire time he was in prison. Still his term was very short, in proportion to his offence, and he thanked his stars that he was caught in London instead of across the Channel.

On this side of the Atlantic, where ever he wore stripes, "Dutch" has not had cause to complain. His fare was endurable, his quarters were at least

ample enough for him to sleep in peace, and despite his resolutions to reform when he finishes his present sentence, he intimates strongly that a man had better be sent to jail in this country than to jail anywhere else. He has a better time and lives in a more tolerable degree of comfort.

This frank confession should receive the attention of all those interested in prison reform. We should, of course, be anxious in this country to give prisoners humane treatment and not to keep them as mangy dogs in a filthy kennel, but we should avoid the other extreme. We should not make our prisons so comfortable that the worthless and the criminal should prefer to remain in them rather than to earn an honest living. The aim of the prison is not to punish but to reform, and when the place of reformation becomes comfortable, the reformation becomes impossible.

WHERE SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN.

George Harvey will soon return to his dear America. He has been braving around in England and on the Continent, mixing with the great ones of earth and taking his bearings, probably, of the political situation in the United States and how to get even with it. He will get back home about the same time that another celebrated traveller will return, and there ought to be something doing, specially since we have heard that the man who really knows no brother will give up his residence in Kentucky for the space of a month, for the purpose, we surmise, of conferring with the other conspirators who may gather at the Manhattan Club. We have not heard whether or not Garfield and Pinchot and Glavis and Kerby will be there, but it is to be suspected that they will all be within easy reach at least, seeing that Robert Collier is still in the muckraking business. As they say down at the old French market in New Orleans, nous verrons, which means in the language of the Greeners in Houston, Texas, "catch on to the guys." If this precious bunch will permit, we would like to suggest that it might be well for them to see that all of Kerby's note books are turned in to any one of their number who can be trusted by the others at the close of each day's conference.

MORE PHILIPPINE SCANDALS.

The War Department has unearthed more scandals in the Philippines and has told Congress all about them, in response to a resolution introduced by Representative Martin, of Colorado. According to the report of the Department, some high lords of the Government service in the Philippines have gone into the land business and have bought up the friar lands for a mere song. Frank W. Carpenter, Secretary of the Philippine Commission, is among the Government purchasers, and he is said to have leased himself 5,000 acres of good land at a monthly rental of 3 cents the acre. This land, of course, he will sublease to native farmers and will doubtless make a very good profit on the transaction.

There will be abundant champions of Mr. Carpenter and the men who are associated with him in the land deals. It will be said that what Carpenter and the rest did any other citizen of the Philippines could have done, and that it is foolish to blame an officer of the Government for engaging in a business which others may pursue.

This is all perfectly true, and, morally, there is nothing wrong in the transaction as it is reported at present, provided, of course, that Carpenter and his allies paid the regular market price for the lands; but men in public office have to avoid even the appearance of evil. What would be a perfectly proper course for them to pursue as private individuals, and what is not dishonest in them as Government officers, is in this case unwise and improper. They are a long way from home, and when reports of this sort circulate they arouse the suspicions of the people. If they want to hold their places, and if they want to retain the public confidence, they had better stay in their offices and leave land speculation to the wily army of civilians which disgraces our illegal rule in the Philippines.

HAD BETTER GO SOUTH.

Brother Leslie M. Shaw can afford to talk. He is a free lance now, carrying the Republican colors, but he owes allegiance to no Lord Paramount and pays his feudal dues for no fee. He represents nobody but himself, and he has no constituents who can show their respect for his judgment when he comes up for re-election in the fall. He can talk and talk, and never lose a vote and never gain one.

Brother Shaw probably knows this, and was probably glad of it when he spoke before the Hawkeye Fellowship Club in Chicago Saturday night and told the wise men of that aerial company that the South was the most ignorant part of the country. A man down in these parts, he said, had an easy time making a political speech, because nobody in his audience knew what he was talking about or had any idea of the questions involved. Mr. Shaw said a good deal more in the same strain, and enjoyed himself immensely, but for the fact that a Southern-born reporter, who was "covering" the meeting, called him a liar, or words to that effect.

The reporter made a mistake in disputing with Shaw. He should have let him alone, for the truth of his remarks was perfectly evident—so plain that anybody could see the case, whether he had a hawk eye or not. Of course, the South is politically ignorant. It always has been, and the more it has given to the nation have likewise been ignorant. There was a man named Washington, for instance, who came from the South, but whose ignorance could not have failed to escape Shaw. Then there was another man named Madison, in reading whose poli-

tical writings Shaw has doubtless seen his own superior wisdom and Madison's imbecility, not to use a harsher term. Then there were Jefferson and Marshall and Calhoun and Monroe and Hayne and Yancey and Davis and Lamar and a number of others, densely ignorant fellows, all of them, at least to a man of Shaw's political wisdom and statesman-like lore. How a reporter, and a Southern reporter at that, could have doubted the truth of Shaw's remarks is more than we can see.

If Shaw was right—and, of course, he was, for who can doubt it?—we think it would be a good plan to bring him South and let him speak in the Ninth Virginia District, or in some other benighted country, in behalf of the Alldrich tariff. If the South be ignorant, Shaw is the very type of man who could have a fine time talking here.

NORTON.

The man most prominent in the eyes of the official world at Washington nowadays is Charles D. Norton, the new Secretary to the President. He has a very hard place to fill, and he has made a very good start. So far, he appears to be exactly the sort of buffer the present Administration has needed all along. Carpenter was gentle, studios, hard-working and always at his desk. He did not know everybody and did not care to know everybody, but who could blame him for that? We tried to persuade him to marry a Southern girl; but he was so busy attending to the President that he didn't have time to look them over. He failed to recognize that Jones was a great man in Potomac Hollow, and lacked the gift of differentiating between this sort of statesman and the other great men of the same name who fill more pages in the census reports than those of any other patronymic but the ever-estimable company of Smiths who fret the land with their fecundity.

It will not be so with Norton. He will be glad to see them all at the White House and to jolly them along and make them believe that the whole thing will go to Baltimore if they do not help it out. That's what Norton is for; that's why we pay him the small stipend he is to receive from the pockets of the people. He looks fit, as if he could organize a tennis cabinet if worse should come to worst, and caddy with the best of the boys. He is also supposed to be a perfect perfect in baseball, and knows that a put out is a put out, as well as Burton Harrison or any other man. Possessing the sweetness of Carpenter with the endurance of Lee, he will make his way if he will only study the life and times of Dan Lambert and emulate the virtues of that greatest of private secretaries. One of the first things Norton should do is to have a conference with the members of the Cabinet, particularly with Wickersham, and insist upon revising all their public utterances before they are given to the newspapers. Then he should have a heart-to-heart talk with Baileys and suggest to that member how important it is that he should get out.

The best thing he can do is to advertise what Mr. Taft has really accomplished since he became President. He need not touch on the tariff question or any of the things that the President should not have done; but he will find abundance of material for good newspaper stories in other things that were worth while that Mr. Taft has done, things of which all the world would have been apprised in another day with such attention to details that from Maine to Mexico the people would have been talking their heads off about the White House and its work. If Norton will only listen to reason, there are lots of us who could tell him exactly how to advertise the Administration so as to keep it on the first page nearly every day. Then Norton ought to do a little sleuthing after hours. He will probably find that a good many of the persons who have been hanging around to a little more gutters in their sleeves than is at all necessary with the present styles of men's wear. What is needed more than anything else in his position is what the Georgians call "ledge-meat."

We wish you mighty well, Mr. Norton, during your stay at the White House. You will not be there after the Fourth of March, 1913, if we are not greatly mistaken in our reading of the Ohio and New Jersey signs in the political zodiac. If they kick you, Mr. Norton, kick back. If they kick at the President, take it for his sake; if they become offended because they are not able to make the dates Carpenter assigned to them, mollify their indignation with ointment; be brave and self-reliant and strong to receive when you cannot resist or resist, and take it from us, Mr. Norton, that one of the most pathetic and yet one of the most useful creatures in the kingdom of faunal naturalism is the seagull.

WHY CHANGE THE BEST EVER?

Having oversteered itself in inditing the new railroad bill on the help-less country, the Senate is now recreating itself with vocal gymnastics, intended to soothe overworked minds and to bring lumber to Republican Senators after their long vigil. The appropriation for the investigation of the tariff question is the amusement of the hour, and the debate on this clause is already interesting the weary lawmakers.

Senator Clay, of Georgia, who seemed more in need of oratorical exercise than any of his colleagues, opened the debate Saturday, and he had a very nice time of it. The attendance was

rather slim, because the Senators knew what was coming, but Clay did not mind this. As he talked he got very much in earnest, and he presented some facts and arguments which put his Republican colleagues to thinking—that is, if they ever do such a thing. One thing in particular that Senator Clay said should be noted, as it puts the burden on the Republican elephant. He failed to see, he said, why the Republicans wanted to investigate the tariff further, and why they planned to appropriate \$250,000 for that purpose. If the Alldrich tariff was the best ever, why should the Republicans think for a moment of changing it?

No answer to this question was forthcoming Saturday, and no answer will be forthcoming to-day. Clay has the Republicans, and that is the whole story. The more they attempt to explain, the deeper in the mire they will get, and the more they try to exalt the tariff the more evident become its frauds, and its robbery—the more palpable the deception of the party in power.

THOUSANDS TO SAVE THE BIRDS.

Mrs. Russell Sage has given much to charity since her husband left her a fortune, and her benefactions have not always pleased those who think that the establishment of a library or the endowment of a college is the chief end of the man who dies rich. It is more than likely that Mrs. Sage's gift of \$15,000 to the Southern Audubon Society, which was announced Saturday, will draw forth the ridicule of these critics and will be regarded as a waste of money.

As matter of fact, Mrs. Sage's gift for the saving of the birds, if properly applied, will be of genuine service to the people of the South. Thirty years ago our woods, our parks and our fields were filled with birds. They sang from sunrise till the moon set, and their songs brought joy to the hearts of thousands. The coming of the sparrow and of that other pest, the pot hunter, have made our forests mute. The Audubon societies, by introducing new game legislation and by arousing public sentiment are doing much to bring back the birds, and if they have funds with which to prosecute their work the friends of the birds may hope in the future to hear the mockingbird trill once more in the moonlight and to hear the lark at dawn.

SPARING THE WHITE HOUSE TREES.

A foolish Thespian in Washington learned a lesson the other day that will probably not be forgotten as long as he can smell grease paint and know "up centre" from "down left." He is the manager of one of these out-of-door companies, which are going about the country showing the people how Shakespeare was acted in the poet's own day, or, at least, how they think Shakespeare should have been acted when the Globe was in its prime. The performance in Washington is to be for the benefit of the Playgrounds Association, and is to be given on the White House lawn. When the manager went to view his theatre and to see where the stage should be located, he picked out a fine site and mildly suggested that if the limbs of a nearby tree were lopped off, the spot would be ideal. He said this so simply that he hardly knew what to think when the White House custodian, who had been standing beside him, almost fell to the ground in a faint and could not recover his speech for several minutes.

Cut a limb from a tree on the White House grounds? What is the country coming to, anyway? Why, Abraham Lincoln told a story under that tree, and Andrew Johnson did something else, and just five feet away James Buchanan stood and talked with the Prince of Wales. The idea was absurd on its face! Nobody ever learned a landmark in Washington if it be where the Government can control it, and as the Government owns most of the town, there is little but landmarks in the Capital City. Every house has its history and every tree has played some part in the making of the Nation. The people can point out not less than five hundred houses where Lincoln ate, or slept, or walked, or talked, or took a chew of tobacco, or passed the time of day with a neighbor, and they would as soon think of removing the Liberty from the top of the Capitol as they would dream of destroying or defacing one of these places.

There is so much over-worked sentiment in Washington that strangers, and especially foreigners, are much given to laughing at the awe with which the people of Washington regard every rock and rill of their town. Still, what the Washington people carry to an extreme, as in this case, the whole country could afford to regard a little more seriously. We are in the forefront of our national history as yet, and it is possible to identify places and to recall incidents that happened when the day was breaking, so to say, but as the centuries go by, and as the afternoon shades away into the night, these places will be hidden and these incidents will be forgotten unless our people remember them, and, remembering, preserve them.

John Kendrick Bangs tells an interesting story in the current number of Harper's Weekly of how he had an audience with the Pope. It is a good story, one of the best John Kendrick has ever written; but the thing we can't quite understand is why the Pope received him at all.

What is King George to do when he is hard up if he send his Uncle to Canada?

"Airships Smash Legs and Records," reads a headline, clearly indicating that the aeronauts are jealous of the automobilists.

The real question of the day, however, is—who wrote the Romanes lecture?

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Notary Public's Fees.

Please inform me if there is a price set by law governing the charge for a notary public by a notary public. If so, how much?

Section 3500 of the Code was amended by an act of the Assembly approved February 25, 1903, by which the fees of notaries were regulated. The amount of the fee depends upon the service rendered, but is fixed in any case.

Great Bear Lithia Springs.

"Reader" sends us the following note on the location of the Great Bear Lithia Springs: "In your issue of yesterday you requested from me a subscriber for information. 'Where does Bear Lithia, or Great Bear Lithia, water come from?' As you were unable to give this information, I write to say that the springs are located in the Shenandoah Valley, near Elkton, Va."

Not a Confederate.

I have an old Confederate one-cent stamp made in 1811. Will you tell me if it bears the date of 1817. I cannot estimate the value of coin in this column.

Prohibition in Tennessee.

Please tell me when Governor Patterson vetoed the prohibition bill in Tennessee.

January 19, 1909. The bill was passed over the Governor's veto and went into effect July 1, 1909.

State Republican Leader.

Please give me the name of the chairman of the State Republican Committee.

Hon. C. Bascom Slemp, Big Stone Gap, Va.

Qualifications to Vote.

How long must a man be a resident of a precinct to vote, supposing he has resided in the county for a year?

Thirty days.

The Battle of New Orleans.

What was the date of the battle of New Orleans? SUBSCRIBER.

We suppose you refer to the battle below New Orleans in the War of 1812. This was fought January 8, 1815.

Location of Harvard University.

To settle a dispute will you please tell me where Harvard University is located?

Cambridge, Mass.

The Librarian of Congress.

Please give me the name of the Librarian of Congress.

Herbert Putnam, LL. D.

Giants and Yankees.

Where did the New York teams in the National and American Leagues stand at the end of the last season, and what was their percentage?

New York Americans were fifth, with a percentage of .456; New York Giants were third, with a percentage of .591.

William F. Havemeyer.

Please tell me whether a man by the name of Havemeyer was ever Mayor of New York, and if he any kin

to the man who now controls the sugar trust?

A READER.
 William F. Havemeyer was Mayor of New York in 1855, and was the founder of the present Havemeyer family.

University of Georgia.

Kindly tell me the colors of the University of Georgia.

Red and black.

Japanese National Exposition.

When is the Japanese National Exposition to be held?

1917.

Record for Typewriting.

What is the world's record for typewriting for an hour?

6,184 words an hour, or an average of 103 words a minute.

Flag Association.

Who is the president of the American Flag Association?

Colonel Ralph E. Prime, Yonkers, N. Y.

Longest on the Throne.

Please tell me what King has been on the throne the longest in Europe.

Francis Joseph of Austria. Proclaimed Emperor December 2, 1848.

Agricultural Laborers in the U. S.

At a rough estimate, how many agricultural laborers are there in the United States?

At the last reports the number was 4,359,516. It is probably now something over 5,000,000.

Brazilian Trade.

Please tell me whether we send more goods to Brazil than we receive from that country.

CITIZEN.
 For the year 1909 imports were \$177,450,000; the exports were \$229,475,000.

Area of Cities.

What city in the United States covers the largest area?

New York.

Boston's Record.

Has Boston ever won the pennant of the American League?

THANKS.
 Yes, twice, in 1903 and in 1904.

Swimming Record.

What is the record for swimming 100 yards?

55 2-5 seconds.

"College Life."

Will you please send me the song named "College Life?"

M. W. D.
 We cannot reprint poems or songs in this column.

Reducing One's Flesh.

1. Some time ago you had coming out weekly in your paper drawings of houses by Mr. Anderson. One cut I liked very much, but I have been unable to get it. Can you tell me through your paper where I could secure any of the drawings?

2. Is there a medicine for reducing the flesh without injury to one's health?

3. If you have any idea as to the date of the paper, we may be able to locate it for you.

4. We doubt very much that there is such a remedy. Diet and exercise are the only sure ways of reducing one's flesh.

PRINCE BERNADOTTE

Y.M.C.A. ENTHUSIAST

BY LA MARQUESE DE FONTENOY.

PRINCE BERNADOTTE, one of the brothers of the King of Sweden, has been reported to have died in the country at the meeting of the universal committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, which has just been taking place at Geneva. It has been a meeting which has attracted to Switzerland